

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,

And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
frō th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hora. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death,
I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are they

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencrans* and *Guydensterne* hold theyr
course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.
So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdom, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

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